

AN EPITAPH ON THE HON. GEO. BROWN,

(LATE INSPECTOR GENERAL.)

He's gone, and left the post behind
His once glad heart is cold;
His once keen eye is quell'd and blind!
What more?—His tale is told.

He came, big with the keys of state,
But he earned the Governor's ban;
And after a six-days' struggle with fate,
Gave place to a meaner man.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence passed between His Excellency and the Hon. Mr. Brown, on the resignation of the McDonald-Cartier ministry which preceded the ministry, which was succeeded by a ministry, which was the third ministry in the space of three days:

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Toronto, July 29, 1858.

"The Governor General is a man of a few words. Mr. Brown is the longest member of the opposition; and if he is still infatuated enough to believe that he can form a ministry which will last longer than thirty-five minutes, he is invited to go in lemons and get squeezed. Mr. Brown is particularly requested not to be rash enough to call on His Excellency until he is soot for.

"E. HEAD."

"CHURCH STREET,
Saturday.

"Hon. Mr. Brown has the honor to insinuate that Sir E. Head has proved himself to be at the head of statesmen, by sending for him. He has already formed a ministry which even the gates of hell could not prevail against."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Sunday night.

"His Excellency is dreadfully delighted at Mr. Brown's promptitude; and hopes that the accompanying memorandum will not disturb his pious meditations, as it is of importance that he should peruse it at once.

MEMORANDUM.

"The Governor General hopes Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown and all the young Browns are quite well.

"The Governor General hopes that to-morrow will be a very fine day.

"The Governor General can't help saying that he will not pledge himself to dissolve the House inasmuch, as that would be interfering with the prerogative of the Clerk of the Weather, a gentleman for whom he has the highest veneration.

"His Excellency considers that we live in a bad world; but that, whether it is the inhabitants that make it so, or not, is an open question.

"His Excellency is of opinion however, that the conduct of the people at the last election, is not a convincing argument that they are above being bought and sold.

"Sir Edmund, therefore, thinks that he would be responsible for much immorality, if he presented another opportunity for the people steeping themselves in infamy.

"EDMUND HEAD."

"CHURCH ST.,
Monday, 12 at night.

"Hon. Mr. Brown is grieved to the quick, that the Governor General should have turned Sabbath-breaker. He does not suppose that His Excellency meant to insult him, when he asked for Mrs. B., and the young B.'s—but he begs to say that such hallucinations could only have existed in a feeble old man's brain.

"G. BROWN."

"CHURCH ST.,
Tuesday.

"Mr. Brown once more addresses His Excellency, and as his constitutional adviser, insists that there must be an immediate dissolution. If his Excellency is thick-headed enough to play the mule any longer, Mr. Brown would inform him, that he will have the *Globe* about his ears to-morrow. The following memorandum is for his Excellency's adoption, not consideration:

MEMORANDUM.

"Hon. Mr. Brown is now Premier, and Sir Edmund Head is bound to obey.

"Hon. Mr. Brown insists on a dissolution; and considers it highly immoral in a Governor to jest on the weather.

"Hon. Mr. Brown and his colleagues view with unmitigated contempt the present House of Assembly.

"Hon. Mr. Brown would remind His Excellency that this is not the first of April; and that, therefore, any attempt at a trick, would recoil on the conspirators with devastating effect.

"Hon. Mr. Brown intends to give the House fits for the vote of non-confidence passed against him.

"Hon. Mr. Brown again reiterates that Upper Canada is diddled, dished, and done for.

"Hon. Mr. Brown is now going to dine.

"G. BROWN."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Wednesday.

"The Governor General did not expect to be bored so much. He would like to know what is the *Globe*? He never heard of it before. The following memorandum contains his *ultimatum*:-

MEMORANDUM.

"His Excellency had eggs and coffee for breakfast this morning.

"His Excellency never butters his toast.

"His Excellency likes soda water best in the morning.

"His Excellency is bound in courtesy to consider that the advice he has received comes from his Executive Council.

"The Governor General believes that if a regular row in the Council Chamber is a sign of unanimity, the new ministry is the most harmonious in the world.

"The Governor General, although ready to admit that each of his advisers is a Solon *in coy*, imagines that it is yet possible for the country to keep afloat without their aid.

"The Governor General would like to know does Mr. Brown smoke?

"The Governor General likes pig-tail better than short-cut.

"Sir Edmund Head hopes that Mr. Brown will not butler him any more.

"Sir Edmund Head has put on his night-cap, and is going in search of Mrs. Head."

"EDMUND HEAD."

"CHURCH ST., Thursday.

"Mr. Brown has the honour to fling his resignation in his Excellency's teeth; and to assure him that this pitiful trick to render him a "governmental impossibility" is no go this time. Mr. Brown's colleagues view his Excellency's conduct with deep disgust.

"G. BROWN."

No sooner had Mr. Brown despatched this letter, by the dirtiest devil in the *Globe* establishment, than he wrote the following extra:-

OH! HOLY MOSES!

BLOODY WARS!!

CITIZENS TO ARMS!!!

Outrageous conduct of the Governor General!!!!

The Brown-Dorion Administration, which like another company of the Rangers, would have stormed the very gates of hell, have been coerced into a resignation of their dearest rights by that hoary old trickster whom the devil sent here to plague us for our sins, in not asserting our rights by a strong arm long ago.

There is but one course to pursue—mum. The Papineaus and D'Arcy McGee's are not all defunct yet!

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. IV.

MY OWN DEAR LUCY,—I am afraid that after all the good advice which I have given you, I shall not find my hopes I have formed of you realized. Can you really be so foolish as to listen to a person whose only argument is that he is attached to you? Why the man has nothing, if we except his profession and his education; and yet you say you forget everything when by his side. Lucy, I am quite surprised at you, and if you persevere, you will think of my words, when some future day you are trimming over again the last summer's bonnet. Yes, I know, as you say, I was young myself, but I was always a prudent woman; and no one can say of me that I ever sacrificed myself to any whim. You tell me in your note, that you are reading and studying, and that a new world is open to you, that you feel life has a charm which it had not before, and that your mind is never without some image which it can cherish, and that you feel a resource within yourself you did not previously know. But all this will not help you on in the world. It might do very well for a young woman different to yourself, who has her bread to get, but your scene of triumph is in the world of fashion; and who in Toronto ever heard of a lady of the least pretension priding herself on her intelligence! Fie, Lucy, I am ashamed of you.

My dear god-daughter, you should act very differently to what you are doing; and indeed if you do not change, I expect to see you the miserable wife of some poor man, never anxious to leave home—one of those domesticated, hum-drum submissive drudges, who see no delight in anything but their husband's society. It is very well certainly to have